Doctour doubble ale.

4

R.B

All English

Although I lacke intelligence
and can not skyll of eloquence
Yet wyll I do my diligence
To say sumthing or I go hence
wherin I may demonstrate
the figure gesture and estate
Of one that is a curate
that harde is and endurate
and erneste in the cause
Of pituily popish lawes
that are not worth two strawes
Except it be with dawes
that knoweth not good from euels
Nor Gods worde from the Deuels
Nor wyll in no wise heare
the worde of god so cleare
but popishnes vpreare
and make the pope Gods peare
and so them selues they lade
wyth babies that he made
and styll wyll holde his trade
No man can them perswade
and yet I dare say
ther is no day
but that they may
Heare sincerily
and right truly
Gods worde to be taught
If they wolde haue sought
but they set at nought

Christes

Chzistes true doctrine
and them selues de.line
to mens ozdinaunce
which they enhaunce
and take in estima.ion.
aboue Chzistes passion
and so this folish nation
Esteme their owne facion
and all dum ceremonies
befoze the sanctimonies
Of Chzistes holy wzit
and thinke their owne wi
to be far aboue it
that the scripture to them teachis
Oz honest men pzeachis
They kolowe perlowes lechis
and doctours dulpatis
that falsely to them pzatis
and bzing them to the gates
Of hell and biter derkenes
and all by stubbozne starkenes
Putting their full trust
In thinges that rot and rust
and papisticall pzouisions
which are the deuels diuisions
Now let vs go about
to tell the tale out
Of this good felow stout
that foz no man wyll dout
but kepe his olde condicions

For all the newe compssyons
And vse his superstitions
And all omens tradicyons
And syng for dead folkes soules
And reade hys beade rolles
And all such thinges wyll vse
As honest men refuse
But take hym for a cruse
And ye wyll tell me newes,
For yf the one begyn
Ye leaueth nought therin
Ye careth not a pyn
How much ther be wythin
So he the pot may wyn.
Ye wyll it make full thyn
And wher the drynke doth please
Ther wyll he take his ease
And drynke therof his fyll
Tyll ruddy be his byll
And fyll both cup and can
Who is so glad a man
As is our curate than?
I wolde ye knewe it a curate
Not far without newgate
Of a parysh large
The man hath mikle charge
And none within this border
That kepeth such order
For one a this syde Mauerne
Loueth better the ale tauerne

But

¶ But if the drinke be small
He may not well withall
Than cast it on the wall
It fretteth out his gall
Then seke an other house
This is not worth a louse
As dronken as a mouse
Non sayth gybet a bous
And ther wyll byd and bouse
Tyll heup be his drouse
Good ale he doth so haunt
And drynke a due taunt
That alewiues make ther vaunt
Of many a peny rounde
That sum of them hath founde
And sometyme mikle strife is
Amonge the alewyfes
And sure I blame them not
For wrong it is God wot
when this good dronken sot
Helpeth not to empty the pot
For sumtime he wyll go
To one and to no mo
¶ Then wyll the hole rout
Upon that one cry out
and say she doth them wronge
To kepe him all day longe
From commyng them amonge
wherfore I geue councell
to them that good drinke sell

To take in of the best
Or els they lese their gest
For he is redy and prest
Where good ale is to rest
And drinke tyll he be drest
When he his boke shulde study
He sitteth there full ruddy
Tyll halfe the day be gone
Crying fyll the pot Jone
And wyll not be alone
But call sum other one
at wyndowe or at fenestre
that is an idell minister
as he him selfe is
Ye know full well this
the kinde of carion crowes
ye may be sure growes
the more for carion stinking
and so do these in drinking
this man to sum mens thinking
Doth stay hym muche vpon the kyng
as in the due demaunding
Of that he calleth an head peny
and of the paskall halpeny.
for the cloth of corpus Christy
four pens he clap with swiftly
for which the sexton and he truly
Did tog by the eares earnestly
Saying he can not the king well paye
If all such dridlars be take away

Ye

Is not this a gentill tale
Of our doctour double ale
Whose countenaunce is neuer pale
So wel good drinke he can vphale
A man of learning great
For if his brayne he wolde beat
He coulde within dayes fourtene
make such a sermõ as neuer was sene
I wot not wherher he spake in drinke
Or drinke in him how do ye thinke?
I neuer herde him preach God wot
But it were in the good ale pot
Also he sayth that fayne he wolde
Come before the councell if he coulde
For to declare his learning
And other thinges concerning
Goodly councels that he coulde geue
beyond all measure ye may me beleue
His learning is exceding
ye may know by his reading
yet could a cobblers boy him tell
That he red a wrong gospell,
wherfore in dede he serued him well
He turned himselfe as round as a bell
And with loud voyce began to call
Is there no constable among you all,
to take this knaue ỳ doth me trouble?
with that all was on a hubble shubble
There was drawing and dragging
There was lugging and lagging

And

and snitching and snatching
and ketching and catching
and so the poze ladde
To the Counter they had
Some wolde he shuld be hanged
Or els he shulde be wranged
Some sayd it were a good turne
Such an heretyke to burne
Some sayde this and some sayd that
and som dyd prate they wist not what
some did curse and some did ban
For chasing of oure curate than
He was worthy no lesse
for vexing with his pertnesse
a gemman going to Welle,
Did it become a cobblers boy
To shew a gemman such a toy?
But if it were wel wayde
ye shuld fynde I am afrayde
that the boy were worthy
for his reading and sobrietie
and iudgement in the veritie
among honest folke to be
A curate rather then he.
for this is knowen for certentie
the boy doth loue no papistry
and our Curate is called no doubte
a papist london thorowghout.
and truth is it they do not lye,
It may be sene wyth halfe an eye.

for if there come a preacher,
Or any godly teacher
to speake agaynst his trúpery
to the alehouse goth he by & by,
and there he wyll so much drinke
tyll of ale he doth so stinke,
that whether he go before or behynde,
Ye shall him smell without the winde
for when he goeth to it he is no hafter
He driketh dróke for two dayes after
With fyll the cuppe Jone,
for all this is gone
Here is ale alone
I say for my drinking
tush, let the pot be clinking
and let vs mery make,
No thought wyll I take,
for though these fellowes crake
I trust to se them slake
and some of them to bake
In smithfelde at a stake
and in my Parysh be some,
that if the tyme come
I feare not wyll remember
(beit august or september
October or Nouember
Or moneth of December)
to fynde both wood and timber
to burne them euery member
and goth to borde and bed

¶ And let these heretikes preach
And teach what they can teach
My parish I know well
Agaynst them will rebell
If I but once them tell
Or geue them any warning
That they were of the new learning.
For with a worde or twayne
I can them call agayne
And yet by the Messe
forgetfull I was
Or els in a slumber
there is a shrewde nomber
that curstly do comber
And my patience proue
And daply me moue
¶ for some of them still
Continew will
In this new way
whatsoeuer I saye
¶ It is not long ago
Syns it chaunced so
that a buriall here was
Without dirige or Masse
but at the buriall
they song a christmas carall
by the Masse they will mar all
If they continew shall.
Some sayd: was a godly hearing
and of their harres a gay charing

Some of them fell on weping
In my church I make no leasing
They harde neuer the lyke thing
Do ye thinke that I wyll consent
to theyr heretikes entent
to haue any sacrament
Ministred in English?
by them I set not a rysh
So long as my name is hary George
I wyll not do it spight of theyr gorge.
Oh Yankester Yancastre
None betwene this and Lancaster.
Knoweth so much my minde.
As thou my speciall frynde
It wolde do the much good
To wash thy handes in the blonde
Of them that hate the welle,
thou coueteste no lesse
So much they vs oppresse
Poore priestes doubtlesse
And yet what than
there is not a man
that soner can,
Perswade his parishons
From such condicions
then I perse I
for by and by
I can them conuert
to take my parte
Except a fewe

that

that hacke and hew/
and agaynst me shew
What they may do
To put me to
Some hynderaunce
And yet may chaunce
The bishops visitour,
Wyll shewe me fauour
and therfore I
Care not a fly,
for ofte haue they/
Sought by some way
To bring me to blame
and open shame/
but I wyll beare them out
In spight of their snout
and wyll not cease
To drinke a pot the lesse
Of ale that is bygge
Nor passe not a pygge
for all their malice
away the mare go waliss/
I set not a whistinge
by all their writing,
for yet I deny nat
The Masses priuat
Nor yet forsake
that I of a cake
My maker may make
But harke a lytle harke/

and a few wordes marke,
Howe this caluish clarke/
for his purpose coulde warke
there is an honest man:
that kepte an olde woman
Of almes in hyr bed
Lyng dayly beddered
which man coulde not I say
wyth popishnes away
but fayne this woman olde
wolde haue Messe if she coulde
the which this prest was tolde
He hearing this anone
as the goodman was gone
abrode about his busines
before the woman he sayd Messe
and shewed his prety popishnes
agaynst the goodmans wyll
wherfore it is my skyll
that he shulde him endight
for doing such dispight
as by his popish wyle
His house wyth Masse defyle
¶ Thus may ye beholde
this man is very bolde/
and in his learning olde
Intendeth for to spt
I blame him not a whyt
for it wolde vexe his wyt
and cleane agaynst his earning

to folow such learning
as now a dayes is taught
He wolde sone bring to naught
His olde popish trayne
for then he must agayne
apply him to the schole
and come away a fole:
for nothing shulde he get
His trayne hath bene to het
and with good ale so wet
Wherfore he may not mete
In feldes and in medes
and pray upon his beades
for yet he hath a payre
Of beades that be right fayre
Of coral/gete, or ambre
at home within his chambre
for in matins or Masse,
Primar and portas
and pottes and beades
His lyfe he leades
¶ But this I wota
that if ye nota
How this idiota
Doth folow the pota
I holde you a grota
Ye wyll rede by rota
that he may were a cota
In cocke loftis bota
¶ thus the durty doctour

the popes owne proctour
wyll bragge and booſt
wyth ale and a tooſt
and lyke a tutter
Hys latin wyll utter
and turne and toſſe him
wyth tu non poſſum
Loquere latinum
this alum finum
Is bonus then vinum
Ego volo quare
Cum tu drinkare
Pro tuum caput,
quia apud
te propiciacio
tu non potes facio
tot quam ego
quam libzum tu lego,
Caue de me
apponere te
Juro per deum
Hoc eſt likum meum
quia drinkum ſtalum
Non facere malum
Thus our dominus dodkin
wyth ita vera bodkin
Doth leade his lyfe
which to the alewife
is very profitable
it is pytie he is not able

To mayntayne a table
For beggers and tinkers
And all lusty drinkers
Or captayne or beddle
wyth dronkardes to meddle
ye cannot I am sure/
for kepingof a cure
fynde such a one well
If ye shulde rake hell
Cand therfore nowe
I go more to you/
Sed perlegas ista,
Si velis Papista,
fare well and a dewe
with a whirlary whewe
and a tirlary typpe
Beware of the whyppe.

Finis.

Take this tyll more come.

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